a rarity of genuine smiles by borealisboys

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Summary:

billy's concerned that steve doesn't reciprocate the same feelings, the latter thinks thats absurd.

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Author's Note:

> what should i write next? if anyone has any prompts, comment them! i'll accept anything really.

"you're in love with her."

steve frowned, head jolting towards the figure to his right. it was billy, sunlight behind him filtering through his curls, illuminating every freed strand. a cigarette perched between his lips and he stared at steve with a sturdy, unreadable expression.

"what?" he asked, hand placed on the hood of the car to support him. he glanced up at billy, lips pursed, eyes squinting as he battled the sun rays. billy motioned his head towards where steve was previously looking and the brunet followed his gaze. nancy was sat, legs crossed, on the hood of jonathan's car, laughing and smiling. she looked beautiful but truly there was never a time when she didn't. steve bit his lip and shook his head, looking back up towards billy.

"no, not anymore," billy didn't meet his gaze, continued to stare off at the girl in the distance. steve nudged his leg with his knee and the blond grunted, lifted the cigarette from his lips with two fingers and blew a cloud of smoke into the air, head tilted back. steve reached to coil his index finger in billy's curl but refrained considering their environment. he huffed and wrapped his arms around himself.

"then why are you always staring at her?" he questioned, finally facing steve. a gentle breeze tousled his hair and the cigarette was between his lips again and steve involuntarily licked his bottom lip. a sliver of a smirk played on billy's face for a moment before it disappeared.

"she's pretty," he said it as if it was the most obvious thing in the world and billy laughed fleetingly before peering over at nancy. he shook his head.

"she's a good six compared to the girls i've seen," in an instant the

cigarette was crushed under his boot, destroyed entirely. steve rolled his eyes and went to interrupt him but billy was speaking again.

"besides, am i not pretty enough for you, king steve?" he stared down at steve, who frowned and lifted two fingers, supporting himself on one hand, to tilt billy's face to the side. his brows were furrowed in deep concentration before he pulled his fingers back.

"hm, a good four and a half, i guess," he murmured and billy laughed, catching his fingers in mid air. his ring dug into steve's flesh but he didn't mind too much.

"four and a half, are you sure?" billy dropped his fingers and steve supported himself more comfortably on the hood of his bmw.

"oh yeah, absolutely positive," steve teased, breaking out in a wide smile which billy reciprocated. he pulled two cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one.

"that's a real shame, stefano, because you're a solid eight," he murmured as he lit the second cigarette with the first and pushed it past steve's lips. steve's mouth closed around it before he pulled it out with a puff of smoke. when he turned back to billy there was an intensity to his gaze.

"eight?" steve questioned and billy nodded slowly, leaning back against the door of the bmw. his camaro was two spaces away like usual. steve always wondered why billy wouldn't park it in the space between them, it was never filled and steve didn't really have to think very hard to figure out why. steve moved until his leg was flush against billy's, who glanced down briefly before letting one hand fall to steve's thigh, obscured by the camaro.

"god can they leave already," steve looked up at billy and followed his eyes to nancy and jonathan. steve laughed.

"they're waiting for will, idiot," he nudged billy with his hip and billy groaned, moving his hand upwards. steve caught his hand and shoved it off.

"billy don't, not here," he glared at billy, tight-lipped.

"fine, jesus, don't have to give me that look," billy rolled his eyes, shoving himself off the bmw and destroying the cigarette under his boot again. steve frowned.

"bil-"

"i'm not mad at you," he interrupted, already knowing exactly what steve was going to say. he turned around and faced him before his gaze shot up at the ginger exiting the building. he cursed and stepped forward quickly.

"i'll see you tonight," he squeezed steve's hand for a second before walking back to his car. steve smiled.

"same time?" he asked and billy turned his head over his shoulder.

"you know it," the kids were beginning to bound forward and billy clambered into his camaro, immediately it came to life with the noise that steve had become so accustomed to.

"oh and billy?" steve said, hand wrapping around the door handle of his car. billy turned to look at him, a silent confirmation.

"you're a nine," he rocked on his heels like a nervous schoolgirl confessing to her crush for the first time. billy laughed as the kids began to pile into the cars.

"i know, sweetheart."